

Nood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JUNE 15, 1889.

Mr. Ingalls' Hint to the President.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

The Hon. A. C. Harmer, representative in congress for the 5th District of this city, was talking with a number of friends yesterday in relation to the expected changes in the federal offices here. "Yes," he said, "the changes come slowly. That recalls an incident which occurred in Washington the other day," he added. "Senator Ingalls of Kansas had called on the president to urge the appointment of a man to a place in his state, and after stating the case, the president observed that the time of the incumbent had not yet expired. 'No,' replied the senator, 'he was appointed only a short time before President Cleveland's term expired.' 'In that case,' said the president, 'we had better let him remain until his time is out. Cleveland seems to have done that with his Republican predecessor, and we ought to at least do as well as Cleveland.'"

"Well, Mr. President," remarked the cynical president pro tem of the senate, "maybe your judgment is best, and certainly your opinion in this matter will have the most force, but I would like to call your attention to where Cleveland is now." The subject was not pursued further.

Pacific Coast Fruit in the East.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—J. K. Armsby, of the Armsby Packing Co., of Chicago, is in the city, and when questioned concerning the handling of California fruits in the East, said today: "We have been very successful in disposing of California fruit. It finds a ready market, and few complaints come back about it. The growers, however, should exercise more care in raising, and in preparing fruit for the market, and should send only the best quality of goods. Pacific coast fruit is a favorite in the East, and the market is just opening up. Last year's crop has all been disposed of at fairly good prices. Prunes have a large sale, and there is no reason why those from this coast should not supply the 80,000,000 pounds annually imported from France and Turkey."

Drowned in a Waterspout.

(Hepburn Gazette.)

On Wednesday of last week Mrs. Leslie Spicer was drowned in a waterspout near Pilot Rock. A shearing crew were at work in a corral near the house when the rain storm came up, which was confined principally to the gulch in which the house was situated. Mr. Spicer was with the crew and started to the house to look after his wife, but before reaching it the building washed away, resulting as stated above. Her body was found a half mile below on Thursday morning. The building was torn to atoms by the force of the current. Mr. and Mrs. Spicer were married last fall, and this is surely a sad ending of their happiness.

Snow and Sleet in Wyoming.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., June 10.—So much rain has fallen in the past few days along the line of the Union Pacific and 100 miles north that the track is soft in many places, and all trains are somewhat delayed. Saturday and Sunday there was sleet and heavy snow three inches deep here, and a foot at Sherman, thirty miles west, and fifteen inches at Carbon and Rawlins, the center of the territory. The Western Union wires are still down. There have been blizzards in the foothills, and a considerable loss of sheep. Otherwise the storm is highly beneficial.

Stanley's Movements.

ZANZIBAR, June 12.—A letter received here from Ururi, on the southeastern shore of Victoria Nyanza, dated December 22, 1888, reports the arrival there of Henry M. Stanley, with a number of invalided members of his force. The letter says that Stanley had sustained heavy losses, a large number of his men having died from disease and famine. The explorer had rejoined and left Emin Pasha at Unyara, on the northwestern shore of the lake.

Bodies Recovered at Johnstown.

"4TH WARD SCHOOL HOUSE MORGUE," June 8.
The bodies received here are 219; Pennsylvania railroad station morgue,

182; Morrellville morgue, 128; St. Columbia church morgue, in Cambria city, 835; the Hawes morgue, 73; Millville, 57; Grandview chapel, 118; the old Nineveh, Indiana county, morgue, 56; Nineveh proper, 233. Total, 1889.

Mrs. Perry Sues For Divorce.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 8.—Mrs. Evelyn P. Perry, the woman who has been the cause of so much scandal in the American colony of Paris during the past four months, brought suit today, through her attorneys, asking for a divorce from her husband, Clinton P. Perry, on the ground of cruelty and neglect.

Her Rival's Valentine.

"Do it," he said, "and anything short of taking my own life I'll do."
"You would not part with that?"
"It's only just begun. I've had no fling yet. No, my lady, I'll not part with my life."
"Perhaps," still in a bantering tone she spoke, "you would take the life of another?"
An understanding was growing up between them. He drew a step nearer, and now looked at her steadily.
"I would take a life," he said deliberately, "if I were paid for it."
"And what would be your price?"
He paused, and a hot flush deepened the brown of his skin. Only by an effort could he speak.

"I wouldn't do it for money," he said, "but I would for love."
He expected to see the fury spring into her face and hear himself denounced for his audacity, but she stood still and kept her eyes upon his face.

"To-morrow night," she said in a tone that reached his ears distinctly, but went very little beyond him, "a gentleman will come riding through the village towards the Gordonfells."

"Do I know him?" he asked in the same keen whisper.

"His name is Basil Brandreth."

"I know him well."

"Enough, then. He is not to come to the Gordonfells; he must never reach it; and if he could disappear and never be heard of again—all the better."

"He can be—"
"Do not let me know what could be done, but tell me this—can he be kept from the Gordonfells?"

"He can."

"He no longer called her 'my lady,' and each moment he was growing bolder. He had drawn nearly up to her when she checked him with her hand.

"You must do your work first," Vida said, "and then seek payment."

"I'll have something on account," he said. "You will not deceive me?"

"If there were twenty Basil Brandreths, not one of them should reach the Gordonfells to-night."

"Or be heard of again?"

"Never again."

"Haste you, then, to-day to Carplingdean, and post this letter there." She drew one from her breast and handed it to him as she spoke. "Do it secretly and well."

"You must not go yet," he said, planting himself in her way. "Something on account. Let me touch your cheek with my lips."

With a shuddering frame she stood still while he stooped down, and trembling with joy, put his lips, not to her cheek, but to her lips—he had quite recovered his ordinary audacity.

"That's my seal upon the compact," he said.

And Vida, without answering a word, drew her cloak over her head and hurried back to Gordonfells.

CHAPTER III.

HIS SHARE OF THE COMPACT.

Vida went back by the way she came, and had got no farther than the border of the wood when, to her secret terror and dismay, she met Abel Moore.

He was usually dressed with remarkable neatness early or late, but now there were signs of a hurried toilet, in an imperfectly tied scarf, and an overcoat buttoned awry.

He wore no gloves, and carried a heavy riding-whip in his hand.

"Why, dearest Vida," he exclaimed in an agitated tone, "I am rejoiced to find you safe."

"Safe!" she repeated with a forced smile; "I have never been in danger."

"Not that you know of," he rejoined, "but you have had some fellow dogging you as you walked. I could see him from the window of my dressing-room in the north tower."

"I—I have seen no one," she stammered, appalled at the danger of discovery that had been only just averted.

He mistook the nature of her agitation, and taking her hand drew it through his arm.

"You must not be out so early alone," he said, "and, perhaps, after all, I have needlessly alarmed myself."

"It may have been fancy," Vida suggested.

"No, I saw the fellow clearly enough."

"Did you recognise him, uncle?"

"No, my dear, but I thought he looked like a gipsy."

And as he spoke her lips burned with the memory of the vagabond Bardolph's kiss as it would have done with the after-pain of a wasp's sting.

"Well, I am safe," she said with a faint smile, "but I am very sorry to have brought you out in the chill damp of the early morning."

"Why, dear child, I am not made of paste-board, but, as you say, it is chilly, and we must hasten back."

At the hall-door they met Ruth, attired for a walk and coming to meet her cousin.

How pure and fresh her beauty was! Like a newly blown rose, rich and radiant in the morning light.

"My dear father," she exclaimed, "you out walking too?"

"I have been a little way to meet Vida," he answered, as he touched her cheek with his lips.

She turned to Vida to give her the accustomed morning salute, but already it seemed to Vida that a black barrier stood up between them, and she barely touched Ruth's cheek in return.

"I am no longer Vida Moore," she thought, "but the fiancée of a gipsy vagabond."

She would fain at this moment have undone the work of the morning, but it was already too late.

Bardolph was on his way to Carplingdean with the letter, and there was no recalling him. The rest of his work he would do by-and-by, and there was but one way of saving Basil Brandreth, and that was by open confession.

No, that would never do—the bitter work must go on to the end.

Of all the days of her young life, Vida had never known one like that which followed.

It was not pain, or sickness, or fear, or repentance that assailed her, but a wild watchfulness and soul weariness that was inexpressibly horrible to bear.

"I slept very little last night," she told Ruth when she expressed some anxiety about her health, "and my head aches. I think I shall spend the day quietly in my room."

"Shall I read to you?" Ruth asked.

"Yes; read to me," Vida said.

Vida lay upon her couch with the curtains drawn to dim the light, and Ruth, choosing "Evangeline," began to read that charming story of woman's pure faithful love.

It jarred upon Vida's ears; she turned her thoughts to Basil Brandreth.

She knew he was at Briarwood, spending a few hours with his people, and burning with impatience to mount his horse and ride to his lady-love.

In the depths of her aching heart her anguish boiled and bubbled like oil in a cauldron.

"If he were burning to come to me," she thought, "how different my life would be!"

"What did you say, dear?" Ruth asked.

"Nothing," she replied. "I did not speak."

"I thought you did. Shall I go on reading?"

"No, thank you. I think if you leave me now I shall sleep, and if I do not wake to dress for dinner, do not disturb me."

"But Basil is coming," said Ruth.

"To see you," replied Vida, smothering some harsh words that rose to her lips. "You will be good company enough without my poor society. I will join you at tea."

Ruth left, and as it was then four in the afternoon Vida knew she would be disturbed no more.

To guard against the possibility of a visitor, she went to the door and looked it.

To her couch she did not return, but sat down by the fire and tried to warm her chilled hands and feet, which seemed to have been turned to ice.

In vain, the life-blood would not return to them, and, shivering she arose and walked about the room.

Every few minutes she looked at her watch, and the time lagged wearily.

"My lover with the tiger's eyes will keep his word," she said. "Basil will not be here to-night. But where and how will he stop him?"

She felt that Bardolph might be trusted, but as the time for the arrival of Ruth's lover drew near, she became restless beyond all endurance. One moment she would have stopped the murderer—for Bardolph could be nothing less than that to be successful—and the next moment she was ready to take a share in the deadly work.

Now hot, now cold, she paced the room until she could hear it no longer.

"I must go out," she thought; "I must have air."

She took the fur-lined cloak she had worn in the morning, and wrapped it about her.

Just outside in the corridor there was a staircase seldom used, that led to a small door in the north tower.

Mr. Moore used it occasionally for a private mode of entrance or exit, but nobody else ever went that way.

Opening the door of the room softly she listened. All was still without.

"Now," she said, "I can leave safely. It is the idle hour of all at Gordonfells."

She locked her door quietly, and with a light step descended the staircase.

As she passed her uncle's room, she heard him within humming a tune.

"All are merry here but me," she thought bitterly.

The door below turned back on its hinges without noise, and she passed out, closing it gently behind her.

It was already night, and the moon was rising.

"I will walk here," she said, and paced up and down the terrace once.

Then she was drawn by a mysterious power that was irresistible towards the road by which Basil would come.

She crossed the park, and avoiding the lodge, reached the main road by a gap in the fence she knew of. Once on the high-road she went forward swiftly.

A revulsion of feeling had again come upon her.

"I was foolish—mad," she murmured. "I must stop that gipsy bloodhound. If Ruth gets the letter I can say that it is a jest. Hark! is that not a horse coming?"

She stopped and listened, and the pattering of a horse's hoofs fell upon her ear.

The sound came from a distance.

"He is coming," she said; "the gipsy has been false to his promise. No, Oh, my God!"

The report of a gun or a pistol echoed in the night air.

In a moment the sound was repeated, and then a stillness followed.

With hurried feet, and trembling in every limb, Vida glided swiftly over the ground.

She reached the bottom of the road, turned it, and came upon a path that sent the life-blood back upon her.

ment stopped its beating.

On the ground lay a young fellow with all the grace of early handsome manhood in his face and figure, an unmistakable scion of gentle blood.

He was quite still, and lay as if he had fallen asleep upon the road.

In the distance a horse was galloping off in affright.

Not far from the trembling Vida stood a man, roughly dressed, with a mask covering his face.

Vida drew near to the fallen man, and with wild eyes and hushed breath scanned him over.

Suddenly she fell upon her knees beside him.

"Not dead, not dead!" she cried. "Basil, speak to me! Oh, Heaven, what have I done? Basil, come back to life!"

"If you make this noise," said a stern voice behind her, "you will bring somebody who will make it unpleasant for both of us. You were mad to come here."

"You villain!" cried Vida, leaping to her feet and turning upon him, like an angered tigress, "for this foul work I will have you hanged! There is no gallows high enough for such a pitiless murderer!"

"Heyday!" said the masked Bardolph Dimsey, "so that is your game. You set me to do your dirty work, and when it is done you threaten to pay me with a rope. But, my lady, mark me! we shall die together."

She stared at him now like a woman suddenly turned to stone. Her very soul was frozen with horror.

Bardolph glanced down the road, and seeing that nobody was coming, took her by the wrist, and, tearing off his mask, looked her full in the face.

"We live or die together," he went on. "Do you remember that letter I posted to-day? I'm not a gipsy vagabond—I've gentle blood in my veins, and I've learnt to read and write. I opened your letter before I posted it and copied it."

"You villain!" hissed Vida.

He laughed softly, and put his arm about her.

"Come," he said, "let us be friends. I've no notion of harming you if you keep your word. I've done my worst, let me have another kiss on account."

He stooped down to kiss her, but she struck him fiercely, and wrenched from his grasp.

"Do not madden me," she said; "if you go too far I may despise the risk I run myself and bring the dogs of justice on you. Look, man—is it here," pointing to the still form of Basil Brandreth, "that you dare talk of love?"

"By-and-by, then," he said recklessly. "I've not been bred so daintily as you, and am not so particular. Hurry home, my bride, you may be missed, and leave me to give the finishing touches to this job. I've the grave ready."

Her face blanched, and she shook so terribly that she was in danger of falling, but when he put out his arm to hold her up, she recovered herself with an effort.

"Do not touch me here," was all she said.

"Go then," he answered, "but remember this: I shall expect you to-morrow at the place where we met and talked so pleasantly this morning. You know the spot, and do not forget—or I shall be induced to make a call at the Gordonfells."

It was a peaceful spot in which they stood. Not far from the place was the old church, with its massive tower, and the bright silvery moon behind it.

In the churchyard lay those who slept with their fathers, and the dark windows of the church looked blindly down upon them.

Beyond—a mile away—the lighted houses of the village faintly gleamed.

All so still, so peaceful even to Basil Brandreth—peace on everything but the man and woman on whose souls lay the weight of the murderous deed.

Their hearts dark passions were con- c. The fires of hate and unholy love d fiercely, flashing from their eyes, and blood ran like molten lava through

ve ns.

so still come for me if I do not co you," said Vida slowly.

"Indeed I will," he answered.

"Suppose I am ill?" she asked. "I feel a fever in my veins. It may lay me on a sick couch to-morrow."

"I will not wait for fever or anything," he said impatiently. "You must come."

"So be it then," she said, "in the afternoon—an hour before sunset."

Then, casting one shuddering glance at Basil, she drew her cloak closely around her, and hurried from the place.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEARY WAITING.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Moore, "that we shall have to wait dinner for Basil Brandreth."

"The last man in the world I should have thought to prove a laggard lover," said Mrs. Moore.

They were in the drawing-room alone, and it was within five minutes of the dinner-hour. Neither Ruth nor Vida had come down.

"When a man himself makes an appointment," continued Abel, "even in a small matter, he should keep it."

"Something must have detained him," said Mrs. Moore.

"In any case, he could have sent a message," the husband rejoined.

At this moment Ruth came into the room. She looked pale and troubled, and the smile that she put upon her face was a very faint one indeed.

"Basil is very late," she said; "he will scarcely have time to dress for dinner."

"I am afraid that he will not dine here to-night," said her father, shrugging his shoulders; "it is sometimes necessary to teach the rising generation good manners. Ruth, how is Vida?"

"I have knocked at her door several times," Ruth answered, "and she is still sleeping."

Barker slowly and solemnly entered the room.

"Madame, shall I keep dinner back?"

Mrs. Moore looked at her husband, who answered for her:

"No, Barker; Mr. Brandreth has been detained. Let dinner be served at once. They went into the dining-room, but, so far as Ruth was concerned, mockery. She could eat nothing. The was being removed when Vida appeared. "My dear child," said Mr. Moore, hurriedly, "how pale you are! Why do not keep your room?"

"Being alone I grew wearisome," she said, "and so I came down. No fish, thank a little wine."

The attentive Barker poured her glass of sherry, and she drank it. It looked at Ruth steadily and without a

ing.

"Why, Birdie," she said, "you are too. We have ceased to be roses and come lilies."

"Somebody has been detained," said Mrs. Moore jocosely; "but he will be here and-by."

"In the selfishness of my headache," Vida, "I forgot Basil was expected. I were my lover I should not easily lose him."

(Continued next week.)

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